

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Stop In The Name..."

Full fledgin never sat on my legend
No shuffle or shoulder shruggin
Uncle Tommin nickel & dime rymin
This renegade rippin
Rugged trax I love it
Sorta black owned
Like da Denver Nuggets
 Pow pow
 The original
 Harder hitter
 Iz back in black
On deck wit a turtleneck
 Uh ha you can drink
 All you want
 But hard don't make
Da liquid matter you intake
 The logical
 Sorta psychological
Brother like butter spread to one
 Another
 Thicker da blunt & got sicker
Once upon a rhyme all bigger
Meant was for bigga cotton picker
 Leave alone
 The men from the mice
 Who twice packs da gatt
 Turn into dirty ratts
I'm comin wit the andidote, I hope they cope
 To da rhythm I wrote
 Pawns in da game
 Goin down da drain
 Final call to my race in pain